

MANNA OF LOVE

A BOOK OF POEMS

K.M. KANTIPUDI

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JUNE 2002
REVISED EDITION
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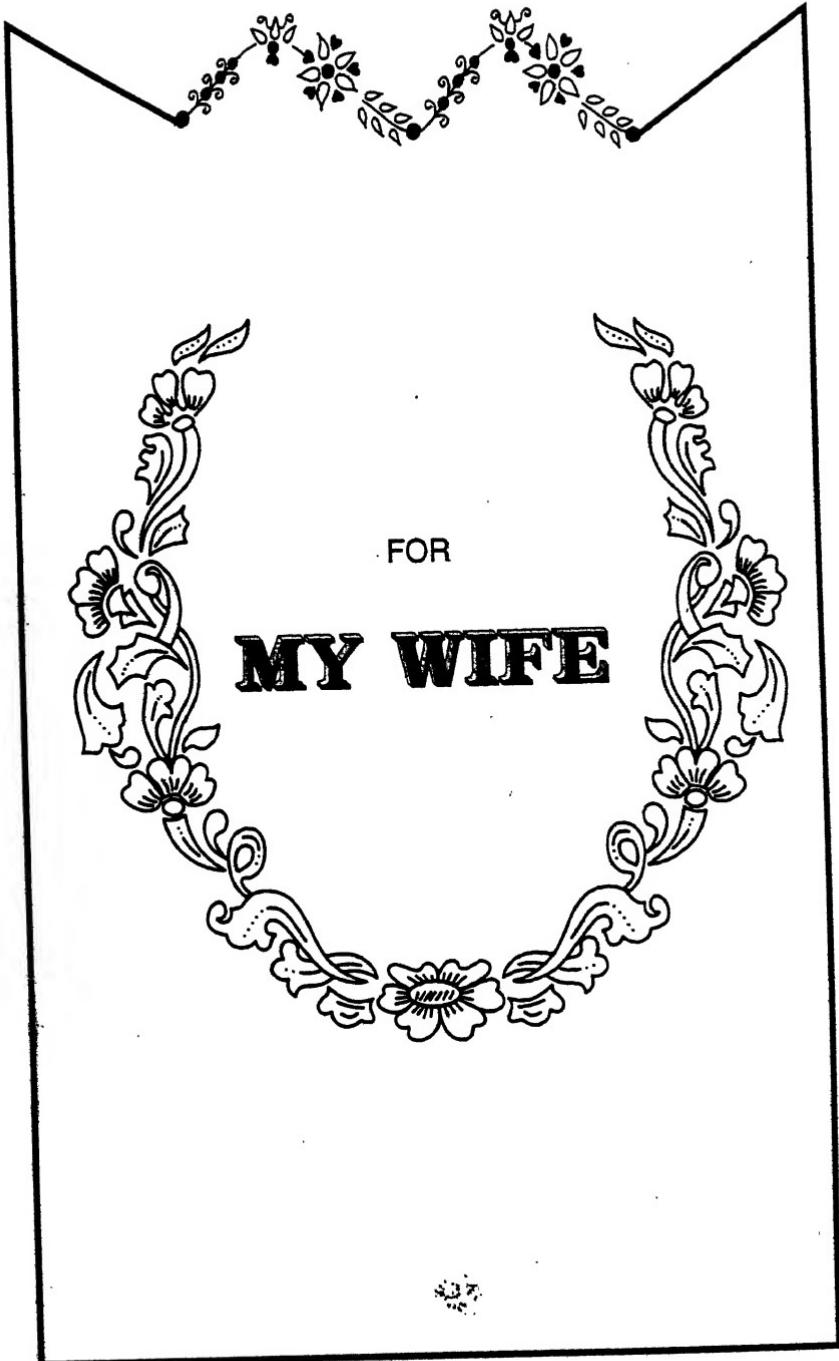
PRICE Rs. : nil

OTHER PUBLICATIONS :

MANNA OF LOVE
NATURE'S PHENOMONON
NATURAL SELECTION
MANCHINEEL TREE.
NATURAL TREND
NATURAL TREAT

PUBLISHED BY :
KANTIPUDI K.M.
P.O. MURAMANDA,
VIA. KADIYAM
E.G.Dt, A.P 533 126
INDIA.

PRINTED BY :
VIJAYA BLOCK MAKING &
PRINTING WORKS
Kondapally Street, Innespetta,
RAJAHMUNDRI.
E.G.Dist.



FOR
MY WIFE

PREFACE

Poetry is, generally to sing, to memorise, and to instruct; therefore pattern of notes, tones and rimes are unavoidable.

But in the name of 'Modern' the meaning and pattern of poetry also altered as with human need. The man is travelling forward or backward too fast, which leads him to confusion. He is invented collapsed "Challenger" and also "market" for production which have been terminated to-day. To write for customer is like to carry coal to Newcastle. Where the materialism is dominated the human brain, there is no time to scan good and bad, less scope for moral dictum.

"Burn the science library,

"Blow away the laboratory,

"Dismantle the existed bomb shell,

"Then, joy in Nature never fell".

In "Leach-gatherer" Wordsworth says,"-(We)- Poets in our youth begin in gladness. But there of comes in the end desendency and madness".

Youth is over; that gladness is also over. It is Just forcing now to madness thro desendency which pervades over with penury poor health and imbecility.

Kantipudi K.M.

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MAXIMS

1. Where it ends slowly, there it begins highly.
2. The spark of hope, while pledge and sells rise.
3. If you give full, no one for your service.
4. The longer the service, the greater the gain,
5. If the maker disdain in his ignorance,
Possessors many, contend to potency,
6. Out of reformation and bury it,
And lit the red revolution camphor,
7. Clear your duties in smile.
Without pain or wail,
8. The man who does not work, does not eat.
9. The time and the age have infinite race.
10. Give us the light,
To reach its height,
11. Some die early and others late,
The day we justify it better,
12. Always the innocent. the victim,
13. Strenuous deeds never in vain,
14. Deplores and disgraces before other creeds.
15. Leave the Nature as it is,
Accept it as it is,
Enjoy it as it is.
16. But the insipid philosopher,
And troglodyters stark still unknown future,
17. Plethora ill avarice unsound.
18. To gain a penny, others lose not a pound
19. To forget to-day, hope tomorrow's bright.
20. None will see the to-morrow,
Because it protects sorrow.

VACUUM

And one conception shaped,
Other ready to spring.
Born out of the vacuum,
Intolerant to cling.

Percolate one vacuum,
Detect only atom,
Out shells the horizon,
Blossom from brain bottom,

Unfathomable bottom,
Unmeasurable width,
Uncontrolled galaxy,
Disguise in the brain mith,

Fasten strap unbroken,
Connected with mere HOPE,
All particles as long.
Wider, longer to shape,

Disparity of Juggler,
Ingravitate goldsmith,
Unbalance of potter,
Unsurvive to mere blithe,

None conquer man to man,
None heed the near creature,
None deny the Maker,
Just boast. vicious feature.

Let no Atom be born,
Dismantle the danger,
Flourish existed good,
Then, Nature lives longer.

TO A SKYSCRAPER

Look, at the sky, the giant,
 Piercing down on the earth,
 The tiny objects point,
 Straight into human hearth;
 Innocent and cunning hidden alike in berth

Taller than the other,
 Still taller with the view,
 But be great in the sphere,
 The sphere for only few,
 The arrogant and mighty nothing count in lieu.

Huge the sapphire alpine,
 Look you as heap of stones,
 On the uneven line,
 Behind the human green,
 Separate the other world, world of joy alone.

Rivers outflow with foam,
 Into the vast ocean.
 Harm and unharmed in roam,
 Unsojourn the motion,
 None concern the needless the insipid notion.

Tall oak and large banian,
 Cut and crushed for your sake,
 Structure of mere hard stone,
 Mobilise crafty fake,
 Unemotional like concrete pinched in rock.

Cold and absorbed winter,
 In petty cement plate,
 Shake and leave the cinder,
 Stun in the slumber later,
 Apathetic waves storm the rudely frozen gate.

Be not proud of yourself,
 Born out of little brain.
 Let the brain make the elf,
 Swallow it to in vain,
 Gather or scatter the cloud to rain or unrain.

Switch off. you stay aloof,
 Out of the heating poll,
 In cold, pride crushed enough,
 No light nor heat to real,
 As dead as no existent in master' brain time wheel.

No wireless nor telephone,
 Nor television remain,
 No elevation ungain,
 Nor the helicopter moan,
 Let the great brain baffle no more and no more pain.

Unequal Heroshima,
 Unregarded Baba's plane,
 Cause mighty act in coms,
 Fallen on the Naple's plain,
 The deed the great, the great the deed, perilous deed done.

Out burst score of skylabs,
 A way with cruel waves,
 Created to mighty slabs,
 And genius as slaves,
 Construct and erected swindling nature in glove.

Let venomous bombs blast,
 Whenever they hide,
 In earth, in sky on mast,
 Or on the falsy ride,
 Nature and simple joy of human scope maiden.

THE PRIMROSE

Aurora stampede little uterus,
 Azure clouds around rising sun focus
 Under the bough of dense and dark thickets,
 The new rays deep and thick thro the lockets.

Shine and tough my sepals awake to born,
 The tender beams and birds, chirps anthem morn,
 Joy and hope, within me, as bad travrse,
 Stimulate to burst into universe.

And anxious to probe the Creator Brahma,
 Ambitious to churn and taste His stigma,
 From distant horizon, light bright,
 Dim bereaved behind the dark clouds slender.

More rays and more heat to bloom flirtation,
 Grope the gate like volcano' eruption,
 While sepal loosened, the petals set free.
 The meek pistils peirce out to gaze the glee.

Good morn, blossoming friends, and verdant sod,
 Oh how sweet the day break with bright twinkled,
 There ! there ! the creeper creeping the cloister,
 Before ! Before ! rows of roses loiter.

Behind ! behind ! chryshanthum enswing,
 Beside ! beside ! half merrigold spring,
 Down in the earth, warms busy for their prey.
 Up in the sky, flies and birds hasty spray.

Look, that the distant mortelo tower,
 Hear slabbing sound on the water lower,
 Peep down the slope, the dale dancing down,
 With fountain foam to merge in the ocean.

Away away the bright silver crowned cliff,
 Throw them misty light verdant slant unrough,
 The marshy bushes in the moor away,
 The curling edge of fishy soil to bay.

The silver sky flashes its beams on me,
 Hide the clouds beyond ultramarine sea,
 A myrtle green grove in the south-west ward,
 A tall and bulk oak conflux south, east ward.

In the north west dim and obscure confluence,
 In the north, a tiding ocean pronounce,
 On the bed bottom river's golden silt,
 Around gorgerousness and constrain built.

Oh, strange, look, at string of the creeper,
 Huge golden pumpkin vehemently bear
 The big banian with reddish smaller seeds,
 Glowing thro thick and irregular reeds.

So lean a string, a bearing so big pumpkin,
 So little seed for so mighty banian,
 To weave the fibre around little heir,
 Tell me, oh palm tree, who taught you fair.

To protect your kin from so high to fall,
 Unbreak the hard shell extents to gall,
 Exclamation decent and honest-soul,
 And content for God's creation as whole,

"No scowl nor scold the man or the Nature,
"Obey the tend as wind or stream feature.

With scars on his rugged and drunkard face,
His turtle feet rustle dead leaves to race,
Sweep off his sweat, fear we, his stoic hand,
Crosses away unnotice splendid land.

Now peril passes from his glowing eye lid.
While sun climbs up, many off to get rid.

Hurriedly comes and sits on the green grass,
Unties his booty to add to embrace,
Notice the luck and ill luck of the others,
Feels mute and throws away his feather,

Just turn out my face from his swinging hand,
The hand just tries to pluck me unerrand.

Slowly ascends with his heavy knapsack,
Sighs and sits on the plateau himself mock,
Untide heavy luggage in weary way,
Picks up a little bread and butter spray.

Guzzle from his flagon, soothe his thirst,
Plods away to other side of the wert.
Animitious to fondle his grand-children.
And his beloved and cheer his relation.

Give benevolent kiss and a well wish,
Console their chicklings in the nest burnish.
Partridges, parrot. sparrow and pigeon,
Away to search mere prey for kith and kin.

"Who cultivated their peas, millets and beans,
The Nature's sublime, none deny their means".
Carries up, to the turb, his sharp chisel,
On lawn, stands it, and stretches his stencil,

Younger sisters and me too, deleneates,
With vivid hues hastily glorifies,
The hungry man hurries down with convas,
Curious to sell to feed himself in mass.

Oh look, my dear friend, don't go to Bond street,
There none care your genius nor buy your art,
Rush they to pile money upon the other,
And hoards Midas gold and jewels gather.

Go to impecunious, there they will feed,
And unremunerable enough to reed
Heartly may welcome and leisurely soothe,
Console and bravery peal in daring truth.

A tall and lean with skin and pale pace,
Leans to the slim tree, other side of the lace,
Tears away the green leaf into pieces,
In harum and scarum threw into thick corpse.

Looks deep despondence and irritation,
Like exile Burne or suicide Chacterton,
Slowly drudge away thro the galingale,
And rosy flame to other edge awhile.

Skin rough smutted face and hardened finger,
With acuter chisel and glunted hammer,
Engrave on the mighty rock, unknown sigh,
Endeavour to vitalise but in vain.

Imbecility imbibe into him,
 Dazzling desires diminish future dim,
 Propel to unaware destination,
 Throws out his old tools in desperation.

Spurts to the splashy earth lower around,
 Contemplate no more, to live on the ground.

Hot rays of the sun smite my patels, keen,
 The birds return to their nest unforeseen,
 Hurry and unsound away to their lounge,
 Hide little grain in their beak to their young.

Feed them with love and genial as their goal,
 Better than these sensitive human soul.

Noon it is, the sun shines brighter than ever,
 Unbearable heat, giddy my lever,
 The nature starts still weary of the heat,
 The squirrel, the hare the mouse slip to root.

The wind nor the animal move about,
 Hear no more low or loud rustle nor shout,
 The mid spring season in complete array,
 Half of my full genial splendor betray.

Oh, don't murmur, hark the sonorous
 From mountains, the valleys echoes the string,
 The snake on music moves melodious,
 Even quadrupes stare with attentive ears.

The stone melts like snow spread on the vast-tough,
 The spring that tinge soul hard with severe grief,
 My younger buds and me, prickles with joy,
 We wave and dance in the air to enjoy.

The potter or juggler or tailor,
 Or craftsman stuns to acoustic thunder,
 Sink they into oblivious, less duty,
 The heart and soul strikes unequal beauty.

Slowly and slowly turn near still nearer,
 Flutes in the air and leave us in slumber,
 The tune of sweet polka rings round the cliff,
 Highlander symphonizes the string clap.

Tune after tune spontaneously flow out,
 Boon to humble and strikes frozen hearts,
 Immerse in notes as swallow opium,
 And in drowsy, unnoticed peacocks plume.

Plays and dance in genial atmosphere,
 Cliff with its acme glorifies the sphere,
 The waning note and strolling steps regard,
 Sonority of fading memory retard.

Grunted cheeks on scar on her face sheeny,
 On the stone arbour sits she, with gloomy,
 Poorly dressed the badly fed, unkempt hair,
 Her physic, Fate or Time freezes unfair.

Awaken nights in decorative cells,
 Drowsy day alert the replete weary soul,
 The clock ticks again and again unhalt,
 Day and night in the similar vault.

Unemotional to her deprived will,
 For others, no blood nor tears to spill,
 Unnoticed the splendour and picks up her purse.
 Slips away to her bawd with more than worse.

Oh my dear, the passing away far,
 Every second fasten into shiver,
 The dark clouds around the sun, glowing red,
 The chilly breeze and the burning ball wed.

Oh, sinks the sun away into the sea,
 The birds and animals homeward flee,
 Is my tints fades or honey waste away?
 No drone nor bee nor fly to suck their prey?

Oh, mother, the birth and pious life gave,
 Am I to die as barren or mere slave?
 Human devour themself and their offspring,
 With malice grudge, selfish and hatred swing.

Oh, pistil oh pistal, suffer no more,
 Still more time, still more time to featus bear,
 Nature devaste none, none around welkin,
 Suborn the grandeur and sweet nector win.

Pollen will mingle before sepals drop,
 Manly atamen, vitality flop,
 Oh look, the humming bee, coming towards,
 Hurrily prickles in petals and sucks.

With pollen dust on legs, land on pistils,
 On another, on atamen, on petals,
 With proud of manly state of power,
 Sings and jumps and flaunce and sucks nector.

Twinkles to tingles, sprinkle to spring,
 String to stare, prickles to flaring flaming,
 Oh most sensual joy that none ever have,
 The Nature's bloom secret and boon to unrave.

Yesterday faded and gone my mother,
 Swallowed and emitted mirth and pleasure,
 Lived to standard and to me to born,
 Me too live and enjoy, seed to adorn.

Disregard the tendency, future unknown,
 Carves the straight to perish the orderly grown,
 Nature set herself every thing proper,
 In Her set find mirth and safety super.

Nutrons, Atoms, and Hydrozen bombs,
 Destruct us and construct your tombs.

FAGRANCE OF FRAGMENTS - (I)

"The babe is at peace within the womb,
 The corpse is at rest within the tomb,
 We begin what we end... Shelley 1820.
 Remain the life' errand.

Away an inch from womb,
 Before an inch from tomb;
 Breath beat low and pulse slow,
 Eyes drowsy, mouth fluid flow.

Anaemic face, stagnate ankle,
 Sense morbid and mere twinkle,
 Tattering steps and stammering low voice,
 Innocent and senile rejoice.

All the same at the beginning,
 Or remaining at the ending,
 Away ten yards from womb,
 Before ten yards from tomb.

Struggle to remember the deed,
 Anxious to prolong rueful need,
 Culminate aim and others sweep,
 Forget their bewildered unleap.

Nature accomplish to improve,
 The mind and soul unfetter prove,
 Stark young, energetic physic,
 The soul and mind knows no logic.

Strong in desire, quick in action,
 Simple speedy silly reaction,
 Mere mistakes and follies blemish,
 Mere courage and honesty wish.

Neither womb nor tomb in rude mind,
 Wine and women only brandished,
 Vernal years away, unnotice,
 Old, young age, and new old, entice.

And tide together to mettle,
 During deliberate fettle,
 Oh, no more suppress senses survive,
 The birth and death merely revive.

Know not the womb derived from site,
 Nor the tomb takes away to light,
 The womb and the tomb in furnance.
 Encircle the life's impure menace.

To all living, Nature lend,
 We begin in what we end.

FRAGRANCE OF FRAGMENTS - 2

"Rome has fallen, you see, lying,
 "Heaped in undistinguished ruin,
 "Nature is alone undying - "Shelley 1820.
 And also creative art genuine.

Genuine art of everest peak reaches,
 To all the time and distant places,
 While Nature exist in retina,
 Retina in Nature's stamina.

Building of Rome and Athena rise,
 With dirty hand and malice wise,
 Cruel monarchs and haughty rulers,
 Stretched their mean hand on the fellers.

Dragged the seers and saint to igle,
 Unspared the dove and sharp eagle,
 The flame blazed from vision unseen,
 Immoral Rome and Athens thrown.

Jealous and arrogant in veins thread,
 "Man made mixes in murky mud".
 Nature' doctrine gullible sustain,
 "Rise to Fall, grow to die remain.

Nature and art express simple,
 Ever new and indicate unvile,
 Longing only for simple good,
 No pompous nor bombard way stood.

Teach and teach - hear or not, something
 Do your duty - something or anything,
 Pore and scatter - look or not, the scene,
 Jasmine wave - smell or not, the fragrance.

Undaing Nature unending art,
 Remain in pure and worm heart.

FRAGRANCE OF FRAGMENTS - (3)

"My heads heavy, my limbs are weary,
 "And it is not life that makes me move"
Shelley 1820

But the spirit dwell in me unwearied,
 The vision the brain manifest in love.

Inside the meek physic, veins flow unreal,
 Unending string of thought melancholy,
 In the pure mind more sennuate the ideal,
 Consuming my heart voluntarilly.

Minute after minute into unknown,
 Ineffigy seen unclear the idol,
 On the fertile loam, bearing seed unseen,
 The present and future in unmeddle,

Unheard the skylark melodious voice,
 Adonis still unborn to spark the earth,
 The lamentation is amateur noise,
 But still weary, toil no more on the earth.

For Bacchus or Pshycho to unlament,
 The sun sinks in the distant horizon,
 Inspiration to flood thro the deep vent,
 May not rise for a deep dirge to tune.

All is nearing to breathe last ingenuine,
 The folly or wise, futue stroll on right.



FRAGRANCE OF FRAGMENTS (4)

"How sweet it is to sit and read to tales,
 "Of mighty poets, and to hear the while,
 "Sweet music, which when the attention fails,
 Fill the dim pause.....Shelley 1820.
with melodious gale.

Neither volcano nor tempest stir his seat,
 Nor vexation nor hindrance bend his back,
 Nor heard the Hell-hounds ululated fleet,
 Nor known hissing serpent nor biting mock.

Free of weariness and selfish and thought,
 Acquit from malice and grudge and revenge,
 Ingnorance of gainful or disastrous lot,
 Ignorance of cunny and crooked plunge.

Young energic to study and to know,
 Tales from many adverterous script,
 Sweet and still sweeter than honey flow,
 In curiosity, the time unthrift.

Chirping birds from the top of the oak tree,
 Rattling of the down-running blue valley,
 Humming sound of laborious bee,
 Up flying insects buzzing rally,

Unworldy and unwanted vaunt retain,
 Cadence of the mighty poets prevail,
 From injustice and unsocial maintain,
 Enjoy the sonorous music awail.



FRAGRANCE OF FRAGMENTS - (5)

"And who feels discord now or sorrow,
 "Love is the universe to-day,
 "These are the slaves of dim to-morow,
 "Darkening life's labyrinthin way" Shelley - 1820

Jasmine or caldera or roses,
 Night-queen or goldflower spread odour,
 And intensity the soul's desires,
 To-day you miss, miss it for ever,

If you leave the job, come not again,
 The smell spread on general land vapour,
 Find no where else may be for ever,
 The instinct unemotional pertain,

The yellow flowers bloom-diminish,
 The rainbow colours direct - vanish,
 The flower's petals bright - dry and drop,
 If to-day disregard, next will flop,

Sparkles eyes twitter, longing sharp sight,
 The minute away, Hellena slip,
 Volcono' eruption to the mind,
 The tiny atoms of desire mould.

Flow away, uncaptured to-day,
 To-morrow may not sunny MAIA.



Fragrance of Fragments - (6)

"Oh mighty mind, in whose deep stream of this age,
 "Shake like a reed in the unheeding storm,
 "Why not thou curb not thine own sacred rage"
 The sacred rage to promote better warm Shelley - 1820.

Unknown to generation together,
 The devilish dance and echoing hell,
 Surmount the gentle and humble master,
 The rusted sword, hardened hunter whistle

Chisel the throat of the innocent folk,
 Nothing deliberate and mettle pinch,
 The saints and the poets only in shock,
 Saints innocent and poets feminish to lynch,

The decades run in their turn own favour,
 Seers and poets unheard even in hamlet
 Unprodent their didactical labour,
 Just only heir matter and material let,

For others renounce not your theme and aim,
 They may follow or fell, suspect them not,
 The truth hide in your hearts rarely proclaim,
 Charge slanderous society with tight fist,

Then they flee away from your sight and pen,
 None will shake you from graciously carved den,
 Oh dear, stir no more, I will be with you,
 Our passion will rise storms and calm them too.

Oh we count not only cadence of verse,
 But heart beat also of evil immerse.

TENDENCY - A BALLAD

A cat and mouse befriended,
Agree to dwell in a house,
To work and help to blend,
In every deed arouse,

Laud each other's thrifty wise,
Their cunning conceit surround,
Disclose and boast appraise,
The deadly foe unmind.

The paws mews unfiend,
Sweeter than any louse,
Esteems her stealthy brand,
Embraces her repose.

His dark skin with stiff hairs,
His crafty home unheed,
His sharp and shinning eyes,
The deadly foes unmind.

Her advice to winter need,
A pot of dripping rise,
In attic safely hide,
To eat in winter lies.

With breaking heart the mouse,
Enduce threeforth the emptied,
Adds poison to remains,
The deadly foes unmind.

ENVOY

Oh look, blame rectifies,
 With anger she ends to bleed,
 Leaves the dead, drinks the remains,
 The deadly foes unmind.

BELIEF - A BALLAD

A cat desires to learn,
 From fox undo while hunt,
 Stares and rebukes him mourn,
 Snubs her life's scaring front.

A snackful tricks so blent,
 Attainment a hundred,
 To escape from hound sent,
 To enjoy life splendid.

On stealthy licking churn,
 To pass thro simple vent,
 Dared to stare on his spurn,
 With single accomplishment.

My jackle tactice meant,
 A boon my race aloud,
 Derive none fluent,
 To enjoy life' splendid.

Out swells the swaggers horn,
 Unheard the hounds movement.
 The timid creature' warn.
 The fox to amazement.

Climbs up, she to casement,
While looks pungent around,
On fell, the hound easement,
To enjoy life's spendid.

ENVOY

Oh many may unblent,
In need one leads to aid,
In nailing consignmen,
To enjoy life splendid.

LOYAITY - A BALLAD

The winter severe seen,
Replenished vigour old,
The dog to watch unmoan,
Enjoyed his bliss in high mould.

The fox with stiff days hold,
Bermicide feast for week,
The search for meal unbold,
A friend in need to seek.

In mind the old dog gleen,
Majestically behold,
In dark she strode and flown,
And spotted her friend old.

His grief and gloom he told,
With cunny voice bleak,
The fatty cock enrolled,
A friend in need to seek.

The dog rebukes on scene,
With fury, jumps to hold,
Infidelity to moan,
Described her stubborn fold.

Loyalty as his gold,
Flows in his veins unmeek,
None deny nor throw the mould,
A friend in need to seek.

ENVOY

Cautiously follow her guild,
Unutility to speak,
Act for them, tombs to build,
A friend in need to seek.

FAITH - A BALLAD

Old I am, Old I am,
With shaggy winkle face,
No teeth to hold the ham,
No force to long the race.

No inmates to embrace
In and out listen shock,
Faded and gone my lace,
Because old I am old.

A day to shoot me calm,
Debarred his wife to case,
Invain her tone in slam,
Gloomy to end menace.

My friend Mr Fox' advice,
Timely I sought to hold
And benefit his grace,
Because old I am old.

On child, fox laid his palm,
Him rescued on their face.
Appraised the deed of the lame,
TE DEUM scattered in his ways.

Full fed rest of the days,
With tender broth uncold,
At home fluxed as an ace,
Because old I am old.

ENVOY

Forget not better days,
The time mean unfold,
Gratitude gratifies,
Because old I am old.

THE SILL OF THE WINDOW

The sill of the window reflects shadow,
Peeps out thro the obscure glass, the glacier,
And beyond silver crowned hill and meadow,
Hail storm pure and head on the blue river.

Autumn murmers and sprinkles gone ago,
Snow storms and rivulets and stubble field,
A fantastic view of mounts and stream bay,
Fascinate crystal and pure while snow gleamed.

Serene Nature bequeaths to stirred mankind.
 Here and there a few withered trees to hope,
 For spring to raise unblind and scope to find,
 In this insipid universe to grope.

"Oh mummy, mummy, mummy look, there, there,
 "Hails vermillion outside, hails vermillion,
 "Sprinkles on the icicles all over,
 "Gracely limned of gore on snow region."

"Blood scatter on this sublunary berth,
 "In light souls mingle again to be born in due,
 "Unforbidable rain to rest in hearth,
 "Oh sonny, dead bodies fly over you.

"Your grandpa's foundation for destruction,
 "In a second, a thousand planes in sky crash,
 "Your father's aptitude to ambition,
 "Into crumble others and us too to lash."

PAST AND FORETELL

To

The Mare,

Mrs. Halmine Brausteins Ryan,
 (A German War Commander)

Oh emigrated dear brothers,
 Oh abroad fled away sisters,
 Unheard chorus of neighbour' song,
 Unseen my lover long.

With rags, my body half covered,
 With fetid crust, my paunch half filled.
 Locution stammered and hammered brain.
 Pale face with eyes unshine.

No thoughts new rise, only retain,
 Work, some work and feed sustain,
 Weary to look whole plodding day lead,
 No work or work - no feed or feed.

Oh misereable in constancy,
 Pervaded over many,
 Inconstancy - root of collapse,
 And curbs the true relapse.

Drag to unsettle and unknown,
 Our land, our lives blown,
 Became foreigner at home,
 The home once mighty loam,

But now malignant hand laid on,
 With revenge of their moan,
 Reffians, riff-raffs and boors,
 Hooligans and swaggers.

Entertained encouraged,
 Pillage nation unravished,
 Oh look, the star of Hope in welkin,
 The Jyothi seen as leonin.

Inspiration elevated,
 Eloquence eloberated,
 The spark striked and sustains in brain,
 The throbbing heart in mien.

Enroll name on the roll-call,
 And many more in gall.

The worried souls of old, content,
 The tattering baby's smile blend,
 Each beat rise fidelity,
 Each kick remember duty.

Each cut indicate obeyance,
 Each blow to ordinance,
 Each beat harden my heart as stone,
 Each kick deafens my ears as cone.

Each cut isolate my senses bright,
 Each blow darkens the light,
 Seen nothing, nothing except ORDER
 With blood it ciphers on papers.

Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 No comment nor a mew,
 Justice or injustice unconcern,
 Law or unlaw undiscern.

Human or inhuman unregard,
 Duty counts reward or unreward,
 You arm the right hand to struggle
 And cut the left arm in goggle.

And also arm the left to fight,
 Against the humble right,
 Both right and left mingle and plunge,
 To pluck eyes in revenge,

Avarice and craft unearth,
 They push into hearth.

Pronounce you, no judgement.
 Slaves unworthy to statement,
 Perfidity in your viens flow,
 Honesty to her creed glow.

No where, no where, no where you stay,
 A man kills other unsway,
 Machine I am to my master,
 And engine to them barter.

Whistle to start and whistle to halt,
 Indiscipline as assault,
 Unhide while seren, death may shock,
 Nor boss blows a knock.

Obey and obey still destine,
 Until the feed pertain,
 The machine condemned to gallows,
 The driver's medal rallies.

With proud and power, tricks the honest,
 Languish the timid to rest,
 Clash the innocent and threaten,
 Intellegent to frighten.

Who hailed and hailed and stone laid,
 Foundation for war plied,
 Embolden enormative rose,
 Blood shed the driver expose.

Infern the right and free the devil,
 Inhuman law to spill,
 Riving thought, destructive desire
 Unsoliciate umpire.

The path paved with gravel and cement,
 Cleanse and orderly blent,
 Here and there little gore,
 To mark the annal bore.

Remain remain you are now,
 Effort to many in slough,
 Many self-sacrified to hold,
 Collapsed our golden mould.

Designed and drafted for your sake,
 To well prepared the rake.
 Dungeons and ditches in society,
 Repaired to end reformed to gaiety.

Disguised Red Cross, cunny cements,
 Pervade to lament,
 Dishonest and disgrace succeed,
 Immoral victory lead.

Oh, you the slave of the power,
 Forget not any more,
 Allied with war monger rage,
 You pay for foul, the wage,

Oh dear remember the Nature's mat,
 The cat may spot the rat,
 The rat may die of arrogance,
 But still Towzer for vengence..

Multimillion eyes lit the fire,
 To ash the hound improper,
 A hundred Hiroshima or a great Plague,
 Scatter and scathe over, plan vague.

COME AND LIVE

Come and live with me, my dear,
Ogle we all the pleasure,

Nor we in garden nor in park.
To inhale redolent eglantine.
Nor mind sparrow nor parrot hark,
To listen melodious tone,

Nor we jaunt for sculptural arts,
In steep and consternation caves.
Nor stalk on the distance mountains,
To crazily sublime sustain,

Nor premenade to aviary,
To retain odd and frolic,
Nor to distance clay apiary,
To know sturdy and stubborn blare,

Neither rove in the furious stream,
While waves foam along the surface,
Nor ride in the dense forest bream,
Tiger cruel jolts on cob abase,

Nor we skate in glacial mountain
On the perilous cliff high.
Nor dive in the deep ocean brown,
The shark stares fury, shaggy shy,

No more we hike to wood peckor,
Watch to cling and peck for insect.
Nor stroll for delicos nectar,
To guzzle plenty till ejects,

No more camper in the country,
 The fresh and free air physic sound.
 Nor perambulate the pantry,
 Among purveyance spread around,

Come and live with me, my dear,
 Ogle we all the pleasure,

Surprises no more, dear, come and see,
 All the pleasures at wink with me,
 No need to turn Atora guide,
 To cook delicious Danish dish.

Nor knorr cubes on a fine plate lied,
 And Sanotozen wine brandish,

No need in cushion balcony,
 To listen dialogue emotion.
 Nor stand in boredom queue lengthy,
 To watch gruesome cine-vision,

Climps up no more to resort.
 To diverse laborious routine.
 Gaze no more for sublime effort,
 To crack them in our brain rotten,

Nor in Siberia to bone bite,
 Nor in Leeds to humidity felt.
 Nor in London to downward fog fight,
 Nor in tropical to Congo sweat,

Nor in Chirapunji.
 Unintrepted rain.
 No walk to Walt Disney,
 To childhood again,

Come and live with me, my dear,
Ogle we all the pleasure,

With finger on the sentiment,
Astonish in cosy apartment,

(He) "Oh my fi~~g~~nce~~o~~n ornate suete
Comfort at your need and for your greed.
There, there a large large screen to suit,
Here here the tiny tiny reed,

(She) "Oh my love, simply marvelous,
Button the deed and find on screen,
The deed inserted fabulous,
Nothing void, nothing left to spleen,

Painted love and life in vision,
Superb vision in unending flow,
Tints panoramic revision,
The heart and mind spontaneous mellow,

(He) Oh my darling stop, stop, stop,
No time to repent nor to save",

(She) "Sorry my love, very sorry,
Slén and piquant blunder,
Beguilment to deep worry,
Never again, never in slender."

(He) "Dear no more sorry nor regret,
Push the false button at wrong time,
Wrong people save and right retreat,
Wrong world in sonorous chime blow bright.

More than stars, satellites orbit,
 With deed, abhorant in confine,
 With hissing foam and kissing splint,
 The world in grip of wrong button.

The malevolence of impure,
 On dizzy day but tone, instead,
 Sure, sure, sure, sure,
 My fiancee, our land flow blood.

Too late to regret to sorry,
 The old maxim say so 'Rise to fall'
 For their own dear dig in scurry,
 Innocent suffer stroke on gall.

(She) "My lover, with cheer attainment,
 Conciliate in heart blossom,
 A glass of water to fulfilment,
 To wet my thirsty throat to glean."

(He) "Rattle the reed of computer,
 Get tanks, the rain, the scream,
 In screen the rivers for water,
 Sip the screen plenty until scream".

(She) "Oh my dear, hungry and hungry,
 Creature starvation to death,
 Don't button, don't button any,
 No dish on screen need with breth."

No dissipation need to blow,
 Starving stomach none desire,
 Just a bit of brown bread low,
 A globule of water mire.

Blinking eyes to see dazzling screen,
 Veins pull ~~gawk~~ no more physic,
 Morbid mind brisk to unclean,
 A waning heart wants no logic."

(He) Full and empty stomachs unreach,
 Divides Nature their thought and deed.
 Waning cry and belching paunch launch,
 Still go on still go on to reed.

For their snubbish, middle suffer,
 Suffer to least unknown future,

Bottom poverty. riches top,
 Loose affinity of soul and sense.
 Of word and thought, of start and stop,
 Of passion and expression in verse.

INHALE COLD

The widen yore restored to null,
 Levity and supple to lull,
 Forfiet burden, vile and vice race,
 Wisdom ignore while sheen embrace.

Ten thousand years wisdom evades
 Three dubious decades arrays,
 The cold inhale to away warm,
 And dipple mind to coercive harm.

Impart the greedy, comply the pledge,
 Copious things on the window ledge,
 To stumble devils lowere voice,
 With pompous and boisterous.

No past nor future blaze,
 Scrupulous flustered rage,
 No ism nor truth to fructify,
 Father nor son to rectify,

Unknown the rivulets begin,
 Nor end sapience duly reign,
 Known to blast and detract to dig,
 To choas and anarchy to rig.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

While penury pervades and prevail
 Conceited deceit unveil
 Neither preface nor forward springs,
 In darkness, Fate and Fortune wrings.

Squeezes the brain to sere hard,
 Like in need, unmoved vizard.

A PAEAN

A tempest raise no more again,
 Again in little atom brain
 Ire waves and pierce winds calm soon down,
 Flying clouds and thunders unblown.

Away one natural garnish,
 Last ripple and bold chill vanish,
 The squirrel from the hard truck hole,
 Shuddered sparrow from the nest roll.

Peep out to go to search for prey,
 In the dump after a long wry,
 The child collects its scattered toys
 Under the tree, they play, the boys.

Hies out to hungry calves to feed,
 Leaking water pour women unheeded
 The aged and unaged still in bed,
 In the rug carpet they just lied.

The sun from distant thick mist shine
 In the deep distant horizon,
 The tempest and its latitude,
 With a gentle Prospero's wand.

Or single spell of hearty phrase,
 A hearty word consol and blaze,
 Oh now free from all burden
 And grateful but not harden.

You suborn so the material,
 Is it future sure unreal

VISION

Hold it, in effigy before dilutes,
 In vain structure in and didactic roots,
 A vision melts uncarved in azure cloud,
 Another springs up from brain bottom shroud.

Diffuse intuition before to sketch abound,
 To limn panoramic unbound surround,
 Stay and shape, stay and shape before vapour,
 To pick and stick to be rejoice labour.